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IN MEMORIAM

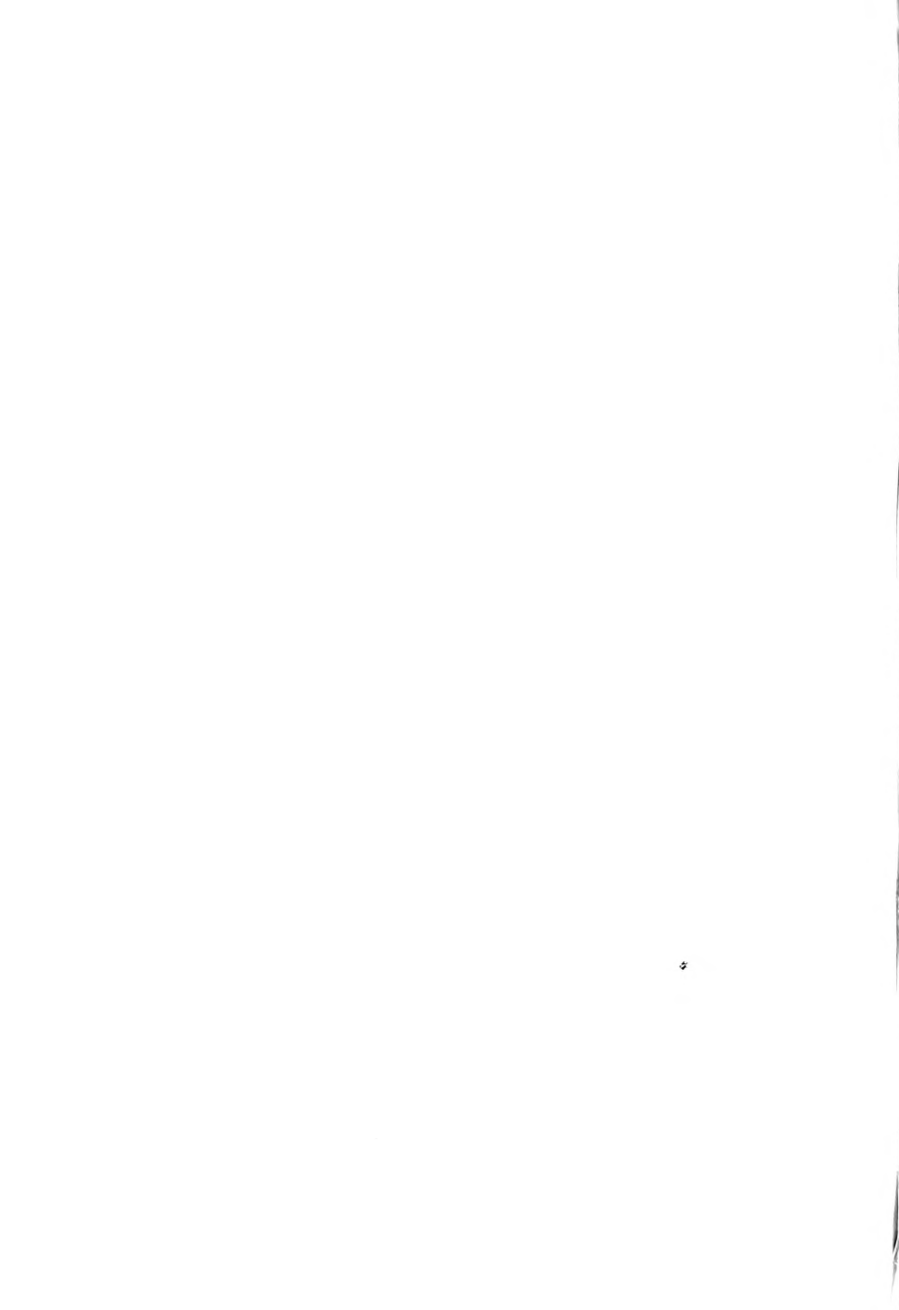
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





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Alley Club June
July 1891

In Memoriam.

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

Twentieth President of the United States.

COMPILED BY

HENRY J. COOKINHAM.

BY

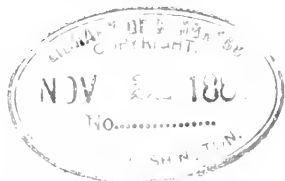
“This was the noblest Roman of them all. . . .
His life was gentle ! and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

Shakspeare.

UTICA, N. Y.

CURTISS & CHILDS, PUBLISHERS, 167 GENESEE STREET.

MDCCCLXXXI.



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James Abram Garfield,

Born November 19, A. D. 1831,

AT ORANGE, OHIO.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

STATE SENATOR.

MAJOR GENERAL U. S. ARMY.

MEMBER of CONGRESS.

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES.

Died September 19, A. D. 1881,

AT ELBERON, NEW JERSEY.

Dedication.

TO ALL THOSE KIND-HEARTED PEOPLE,
IN WHATEVER PART OF THE WORLD'S DOMAIN,
WHO, DURING THE LONG SUFFERING OF OUR
MARTYRED PRESIDENT,
MANIFESTED THEIR SYMPATHY WITH HIM AND HIS STRICKEN FAMILY,
AND HOPED AND PRAYED THAT GOD, IN HIS INFINITE GOODNESS
WOULD SPARE THE LIFE OF THAT GOOD AND GREAT MAN,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.
AND MAY THE FRIENDS OF THE DEAD HERO,
WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED UPON TO MOURN HIS UNTIMELY DEATH,
BE SOLACED BY THE THOUGHT THAT,
"ALTHOUGH MOST MEN CREEP INTO NAMELESS GRAVES,
YET NOW AND THEN ONE OR TWO
FORGET THEMSELVES INTO IMMORTALITY ;"
AND THAT THE NAME OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD
IS INDELIBLY STAMPED UPON THE HEARTS OF MANKIND.

UTICA, N. Y.

H. J. C.

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SERVICES

AT THE

Franklyn Cottage, Elberon, N. J.

September 21.



Selections of Scripture read by the Rev. Charles J. Young:

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors : and their works do follow them.

“We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord. For to me, to live is Christ and die is gain. I am in a straight betwix two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better : there the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Behold I show you a mystery—we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed : in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written : ‘Death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ ”

He then offered prayer as follows :

O Thou, who walked by the grave of Bethany, that open grave of the brother in Bethany ; O Thou who hadst compassion on the widow of Nain, as she bore her beloved dead ; Thou who art the same yesterday, to-day, forever, in whom is no variableness, no shadow of turning, have mercy upon us at this hour when our souls have no where else to fly but to Thee. Thou knowest these sorrows that we are under. Oh, Thou God of the widow, help this stricken heart before Thee. Help these children and those that are not here. Be their Father. Help her in the distant State who watched over him in childhood. Help this Nation that is to-day bleeding and bowed in sorrow before Thee. O, sanctify this heavy chastisement to our good. Help those associated with him in the Government. O, Lord, grant from the darkness of this night of sorrow there may arise a better day for the glory of God and for the good of man. We thank Thee for the record of the life that is closed : for its heroic devotion to principle. We thank Thee, O Lord, that he was Thy servant ; that he preached Thee, Thy noble life and example, and that we can say of him now, " Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, their works do follow them." Now, Lord, go with this sorrowing company in the last sad journey, to bear them up and strengthen them, O God, bring us at last to the morning that has no shadows, the house that has no tears, the land that has no death : for Christ's sake. Amen.

After the service the remains of the dead President were removed from Franklyn cottage, Elberon, and taken by special train to Washington. There were on board the train, the family of the late President, President Arthur, all the members of the Cabinet, Ex-President Grant and other eminent men.

SERVICES

IX

The Rotunda of the Capitol,

Washington, September, 23.

In the Rotunda of the Capitol

There were present the family and relatives of President Garfield, President Arthur, Secretary Blaine, Secretary and Mrs. Windom, Secretary and Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, Attorney-General and Mrs. MacVeagh, Secretary Kirkwood and Postmaster-General James, Ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, Chief Justice Waite and the other members of the Supreme Court of the United States, United States Senators and Members of the House of Representatives, the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of many civil and military organizations.

HYMN.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep;
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus, O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost her venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus; peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifest the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus; O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Selections of Scripture read by Rev. Dr. Rankin :

The Lord reigneth. The floods have lifted up their voice. The Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. By him kings reign and princess decree justice. He changeth the times and the seasons. He removeth kings and setteth up kings.

For there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of? For behold the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the mighty man, the man of war, the honorable man, and the counsellor and the eloquent orator.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit: neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war. There shall he be at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves. The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him: and every man shall draw after him as there are innumerable before him. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

Then answered Jesus unto them: Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation: but hath passed from death unto life. So him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My Throne: even as I also overcame, and sit down with My Father in His Throne. Blessed are they that do His commandments that they have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.

And he went a little further and fell on his face and prayed, saying: O, My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

It became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Captain of their Salvation perfect through suffering. The disciple is not above his master nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master and the servant as his lord.

Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Leave the fatherless children: I will preserve them alive. And let thy widow trust in Me.

And it came to pass, when they came to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them. And they said is this Naomi? and she said unto them, call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

And Jacob died and was gathered unto his people. And Joseph went up to bury his father. And there went up with them both chariots and horsemen; and it was a very great company. And when the inhabitants of the land saw the mourning, they said, this is a grievous warning to thee. And they did unto him according as he had commanded them. For they carried him into the land of Canaan and buried him in

the cave of the field of Machpelah which Abraham bought for a possession of a burying place.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

I would not have you to be ignorant concerning those which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also, that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Prayer by Rev. Dr. Isaac Errett :

Our beloved President is dead. Raised by the voice of the people to the Chief Magistracy of this great Nation, he was stricken down by a murderous hand—cut off in his glorious promise, and all the high hopes and expectations connected with his administration of public affairs sunk into disappointment and nothingness. O Lord, as we stand in the presence of this fearful calamity, may our hearts be exceedingly humble before Thee, and as we are shortsighted, we pray that Thy hand may be reached down, and we may be taken through this darkness out into the light: and enable us to realize that even in thickest darkness Thou dost not forget to be merciful. And while we deeply feel beyond what we can say in words, the bitterness of this affliction we cannot forget.

O Lord, how much we have to be thankful for. We desire to praise Thee that though the President be dead the Nation

lives, that though our Chief Magistrate is thus cruelly and violently taken away from us the Government moves on in the peaceful performance of all its functions: that there is no jar in its machinery, and that the blessings of a good Government are still continued to us in all the land. For this we praise Thee and we humbly pray that the President who sits near to our departed President may be filled with all love of righteousness and truth, and be prepared in everything by the blessing of God for the faithful performance of his responsible duties. May he be able to guide the affairs of this Nation with discretion, may party animosity and strife and sectional division be overcome by means of this sacrifice so that, one people, in a deeper sense than we have ever been, there may come blessings out of this terrible affliction.

The reverend gentleman than in conclusion paid an eloquent and touching tribute to Mrs. Garfield, referring to the noble and Christian spirit which she had exhibited in the hour of sorrow and tribulation and exhorting her to look to God in the days of her affliction. He invoked the Divine blessing on the fatherless children, that the sons should, under the benediction of God, grow up to a noble manhood, and that the bereaved daughter might rise into a true, a glorious womanhood, and live to be the comfort of her widowed mother. He appealed to God to have pity on the dear old mother over the mountains waiting for the dead body of her darling son, now that she was old and gray haired.

Eulogy by Rev. Dr. Powers :

The cloud so long pending over the Nation has at last burst upon our heads. We sit half-crushed amid the ruin it has brought. A million million prayers and hopes and tears, as far as human wisdom sees, were vain. Our loved one has passed from us. But there is relief. We look away from the body. We forget, for a time, the things that are seen. We remember with joy his faith in the Son of God, whose Gospel he sometimes himself preached, and which he always truly loved. And we see light and blue sky through the cloud structure, and beauty instead of ruin, glory, honor, immortality, spiritual and eternal life in the place of decay and death. The chief glory of this man, as we think of him now, was his discipleship in the school of Christ. His attainments as scholar and statesman will be the theme of our orators and historians, and they must be worthy men to speak his praise worthily. But it is as a Christian that we love to think of him now. It was this which made his life to man an invaluable boon, his death to us an unspeakable loss, his eternity to himself an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

He was no sectarian. His religion was as broad as the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian bound by no sectarian ties, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a Christologist rather than a theologian. He had great reverence for the family and relations. His example as son, husband and father is a glory to this Nation. He had a most kindly nature. His power over human hearts was deep and strong. He won men to him. He had no enemies. The hand that struck him was not the hand of his enemy but the enemy of the position, the enemy of the country, the enemy of God. He sought to do right manward and Godward.

He was a grander man than we know. He wrought even in his pain a better work for the Nation than we can now estimate. He fell at the height of his achievements not from any fault of his, but we may in some sense reverently apply to him the words spoken of his dear Lord. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him." As the nations remember the Macedonian as Alexander the Great, and the Grecian as Aristides the Just, may not the son of America be known as Garfield the Good?

Our President rests; he had joy in the glory of work, and he loved to talk of the leisure that did not come to him. Now he has it. This is the day, precious because of the service it rendered. He is a freed spirit; absent from the body he is present with the Lord. On the heights whence came his help he finds repose. What rest has been his for these four days? The brave spirit which cried in his body, "I am tired," is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The patient soul which groaned under the burden of the suffering flesh "O, this pain," is now in a world without pain. Spring comes, the flowers bloom, the buds put forth, the birds sing. Autumn rolls round, the birds have long since hushed their voices, the flowers faded and fallen away: the forest foliage assumes a sickly, dying hue, so earthly things pass away and what is true remains with God.

The pageant moves, the splendor of arms and the banners glitter in the sunlight, the music of instrument and of oratory swells upon the air. The cheers and praises of men resound. But the spring and summer pass by and the autumn sees a Nation of sad eyes and heavy hearts, and what is true remains of God. "The Eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler :

Our father, we bow before Thee with bleeding hearts. Thy judgments are unsearchable and Thy ways past finding out. We rejoice in the light that comes from Thy throne in this hour of darkness, and adore Thee as our Covenant God, the God of our now sainted President, and the Sovereign among earth's rulers. There is forgiveness with Thee, and we come with penitent hearts in the name that is above every name. We thank God for the life of His servant around whose remains the Nation's host gathers in sorrow, for his patriotism and purity, for his courage and patience, for his faith and piety,—the faith that was first in his now heart-stricken mother. The Lord deal very tenderly with her and preserve her unto everlasting life. God be praised for the blending of hearts at the mercy seat asking the life of our President. Father, not as we will, but as Thou wilt. Thy wisdom and love are infinite and unerring. Sanctify this faith-trial to the Nation to the glory of Thy name. Thou compassionate Saviour, we commend to Thee very tenderly her whose faith and courage made Thy servant strong in his days of weakness. We thank Thee for the gathering of helpful sympathy around her in this her darkest hour. Thou wilt keep and bless her and the fatherless ones intrusted to her training. Oh ! that they may walk in the faith of their father and of their mother and of their grandmother. Keep them all from accident upon their journey, bearing this sacred dust to its last resting place. Help us to look beyond, to the home of the soul, where the child shall find its mother and the mother the child, and where they die no more. God be praised for the institutions of freedom and religion, the rich heritage of our fathers, which survive the death of rulers and of people. Make us worthy of Thee. Give us the wisdom and courage

needed to protect and perpetuate, thus making us more and more a pattern among the nations. Endow with wisdom and grace Thy servant upon whom the great responsibilities of administration have so suddenly come. Bless his Cabinet, coming from their anxious and loving ministries of sorrow in the chamber of suffering and death. Oh, that all our rulers may ever rule in Thy fear, and that our land may be noted for righteousness and peace—the spirit of justice and equity animating those who make and execute the law, that all the people may enjoy peace and prosperity. Make us worthy subjects of the coming kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom with Thee, oh, Father, with the ever blessed Spirit be dominion and power and glory, world without end. Amen.

The body of the late President was taken from Washington to Cleveland, Ohio, where the final funeral service was held.

FUNERAL SERVICES

IN THE

Pavilion, Monmouth Park,

Cleveland, Ohio, September 26, 1881.

Funeral Services at Cleveland :

Dr. J. P. Robinson, president of ceremonies, announced that the exercises would be opened with singing Beethoven's Funeral Hymn, by the Cleveland Vocal Society.

THE HYMN.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy light through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side!
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the Seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee:
And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

The following Scripture Selections were then read by
Bishop Bedell, of the Episcopal diocese of Ohio :

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. He fleeth also
as a shadow and continueth not. Lord, thou hast been our
dwelling place in all generations: before the mountains were

brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world. Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnedst man to destruction and sayest, return ye children of men: for a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it has passed, and as a watch in the night. But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive: but every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming. Then cometh the end when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father: when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power, for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. But some men will say: 'How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?' Thou fool: that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die, and that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain: it may chance of wheat, or some other grain, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed His own body. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars. For as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption

inherit incorruption. Behold I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment: in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality; so when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: even so, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors."

Prayer by Rev. Ross C. Houghton:

O God, our Father, we bow before Thee with the weight of a great sorrow upon our hearts. Our beloved President is dead, and all our hopes which depended on his wisdom and his integrity for their fulfillment are blighted. Just why Thou hast suffered this sore trial to come upon us, we cannot tell; for as Thou hast not informed us of the secrets of Thy government, Thy thoughts are not our thoughts, Thy ways are not our ways. We bow in humble submission to Thy will, and we pray for divine help that we may not, for one moment even, doubt Thy wisdom or love. May the dark clouds that hang over us burst in blessings on our heads. O God, we acknowledge our sins and implore Thy mercy; we rest in Thy love, and we trust Thee

to do for us all that is wisest and all that is best. We pray, O God, that this great disappointment and this great grief may be for the Nation's good and Thine own everlasting glory. We rejoice in the light from Thy throne, which already begins to dispel our darkness, and we believe that although the earnest prayer of this nation for the recovery of our President has not been granted, still Thou might not fail in Thine infinite mercy and in Thine infinite love, through his death, to bring to us blessings more available. O God, we thank Thee for the noble, grand character of our departed President, which stood out so prominent before the Nation and before the world, and we pray that the righteousness which he loved and which he exemplified may prevail in all the land. Amid all changes Thou only art the abiding one. The world and the things of the world are passing away, but in the possession of Thy love we are safe and secure. Hide us there, O God, till all earth's calamities be over and past. Regard in mercy, we pray thee, the aged mother, the devoted wife and orphan children of our departed ruler, as their hearts are overwhelmed. O compassionate Saviour, draw them to Thyself. May they rest upon Thy bosom. May they find peace and hope and joy in the fulfillment of Thy precious promises. May the mantle of the noble father fall upon those worthy sons and may every member of this stricken family be able to say, through the inspiration of love and submission, 'Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.' Grant, O God, that this calamity, this great affliction, may draw this family and this suffering nation to a nearer relationship and a more loving fellowship with Thee: and amid the mysteries of seemingly conflicting dispensations grant that we may look forward by faith to the day when we shall hear Thy voice say, 'said I not unto them, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see and believe?' Let also Thy blessings, rich and full, rest

upon Thy servant who has been called upon to bear the grave responsibilities of Chief Magistrate of the Nation, so suddenly and unexpectedly. Bless his Cabinet. Bless all who are associated with him in the affairs of this Government. May they be men after Thine own heart. May we be, and continue to be, despite our calamities, a prosperous and happy people. Prepare us with Thy divine help and divine blessing for the further duties of this solemn hour, and grant to us when we lay aside all that is mortal and all that remains of our beloved brother in the silent grave, it may be with the blessed hope of the resurrection from the dead where we shall be forever with the Lord. Guide us by Thy counsel; afterwards receive us to Thine excellent glory. We ask it through Christ the Lord. Amen.

The Vocal Society then sang, "To Thee, Lord, I yield my spirit."

Address of Rev. Isaac Errett, D. D. :

"And the archers shot King Josiah, and the king said to his servants, have me away for I am sore wounded. His servants therefore took him out of that chariot and put him in the second chariot that he had, and they brought him to Jerusalem, and he died and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his fathers, and all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah, and Jeremiah lamented for Josiah, and all singing men and all singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day and made them ordinance in Israel and behold they are written in the Lamentations. Now, the rest of the acts of Josiah and his goodness, according to that which was written in the law of the Lord, and his deeds first and last behold, they are written in the book of Kings, of Israel, and of Judah. For behold the Lord of hosts doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and staff, the whole stay of bread and the whole stay of water, the mighty man and man of war, and prophet, and the prudent and ancient, the captain of fifty, an

honorable man and counselor and cunning artificer an eloquent orator. The voice said 'cry,' and he said 'what shall I cry?' All flesh is grass and all goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. Grass withereth, the flower fadeeth because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

This is a time of mourning that has no parallel in the history of the world. Death is constantly occurring: and every day and every hour, and almost every moment some life expires, and somewhere there are broken hearts and desolate homes, but we have learned to accept the unavoidable and we pause for a moment and drop a tear, and away we go again to excitement and the ambitions of life and forget it all. Sometimes a life is called for that plunges the community in mourning, and sometimes whole nations mourn the loss of a good king or a wise statesman, or an eminent sage, or a great philosopher, or a philanthropist, or a martyr who has laid his life upon the altar of truth and won for himself envious immortality among the sons of men; but there was never mourning in all the world like unto this mourning for, I am told that not less than 300,000,000 of the human race share in the sadness, lamentations, sorrow and mourning that belong to this occasion here to-day. It is the chill shadow of a fearful calamity that has extended itself into every home in all this land and into every heart, and that has projected itself over the vast seas and oceans into distant lands and awakened most sincere and the profoundest sympathy with us in the hearts of the good people of nations and among all people. This is doubtless attributable in part to the wondrous triumph of science and art within the present century by means of which time and space have been so far conquered that nations once far distant and necessarily alienated from each other are brought into close communication. Various ties of commerce and social and religious interests being then in contact of fellow-

ship that could not have been known in former times. It is likewise unquestionably partly due to the fact that this nation of ours, which has grown to such wondrous might and power before the whole earth, and which is in fact the hope of the world in all that relates to the highest civilization, that sympathy with this nation and respect for this great power leads to these offerings of condolence and expressions of sympathy and grief from various nations of the earth, and because they have learned to respect this nation and recognize that the Nation is stricken by a blow that has taken away our President from us, and yet this will by no means account for this marvelous and world wide sympathy. Yet it cannot be attributed to mere intellectual greatness for there have been and are other great men, and acknowledging all that the most enthusiastic hearts could claim for our beloved leader, it is but fair to say that there have been more eminent educators, greater soldiers, more skillful, experienced and powerful legislators and leaders of mighty parties and political forces. There is no department in which he has won eminence where the world may not point to others who attained higher and more intellectual greatness. It may not be considered more righteously here than in many other cases, yet perhaps it is rare in the history of men and nations that any one man has combined so much of excellence in all those various departments, and who as educator, lawyer, legislator, soldier, party chieftain and ruler, has done so well—so thoroughly well—in all departments and brought out such successful results as to inspire confidence, and command the respect and approval in every path of life in which he walked, and in every department of public activity which he occupied. Yet I think when we come to a proper estimate of his character and seek after the secret of this world-wide sympathy and affection, we shall find it rather in the richness and the integrity of his moral nature, in

that sincerity, in that transparent honesty, in that truthfulness that lay the *basis* for everything of greatness to which we do honor to-day. The speaker related an incident of Garfield's, when a mere lad, going to a minister in Cuyahoga county, and pledging himself to follow the teachings of Christ. The pure honesty, integrity and fearless spirit to enquire, and that brave surrender of all charms of sin to convictions of duty and right, went with him from boyhood throughout his life, and crowned him with honors so cheerfully awarded to him from all hearts over this vast land. He passed all conditions of virtuous life between the log cabin in Cuyahoga and the White House, and in that wonderfully and varied experience, still moving from higher to higher, he touched every heart in all this land at some point or other and became representative of all hearts and lives, not only as teacher, but also as interpreter of all the virtues, for he knew their wants and condition, and established legitimate ties of brotherhood with every man with whom he came in contact. James A. Garfield went through his whole public life without surrendering for a single moment his Christian integrity, his moral integrity, or his love for the spiritual. Coming into exciting conflicts of political life, with a nature capable as any of feeling the force of every temptation, with temptations to unholy ambition, with an unlawful prize within his reach, with every inducement to surrender all his religious faith and be known merely as a successful man of the world—from first to last he manfully adhered to his religious convictions, and found more praise and gathered in his death all the pure inspirations of hope of everlasting life. I am very well aware of the feeling among political men, justly shared in all over the land, by those who engage in political life, that a man can not afford to be a politician and a Christian; that he must necessarily forego his obligations to God, and be absorbed

in different measures of policy necessary to enable him to achieve desired results. Now, my friends, I call your attention to this grand life as teaching a lesson altogether invaluable. I want you to look at that man. I want you to think of him when in early manhood he was so openly committed to Christ and the principles of the Christian religion, that he was frequently found among people who allow large liberty occupying the pulpit; and you are within a few miles of the spot where great congregations gathered when he was yet almost a boy, just emerging into manhood, week after week, hung upon words that fell from his lips, with admiration, wonder and enthusiasm. It was when he was known to be occupying this position that they invited him to become a candidate for the Ohio State Senate. It was with full knowledge of all that belonged to him in his Christian faith, and his efforts to live a Christian life that this was tendered him, and without resort to any dishonorable means, he was elected and served his State and began his legislative career. When the country called to arms, when the union was in danger, and his great heart leaped with enthusiasm and was filled with the holiest desire and ambition to render some service to his country, it required no surrender of dignity or nobleness of his Christian life to secure to him honors that fell upon him so thick and fast, and successes that followed each other so rapidly as to make him the wonder of the world. Though he entered upon that course wholly unacquainted with military life and could only win his way by honesty of purpose and diligence and faithfulness with which he seized upon every opportunity to accomplish the work before him, follow him from that until called from service in the field. The people of his district sent him to congress, their hearts gathered about him without an effort on his part, and they kept him there as long as he would stay, and they would have kept him there yet if he had said so. There

were other bright and strong and good names, men who were entitled to recognition and reward and altogether worthy in every way to bear the senatorial honors. Yet there was such currents of admiration and sympathy and trust and love coming in and centering from all parts of the state, that the action of the legislature at Columbus was but an echo of the popular voice. And then, again, when he went to Chicago to serve the interests of another—when as I know his own ambition was fully satisfied and he had received that on which his heart was set, and looked with more than gladness to the path in life for which he thought his entire education and culture had prepared him—when wearied out with every effort to command a majority for any candidate, the hearts of that great convention turned on every side to Garfield. In spite of himself and against every feeling, wish and prayer of his own heart, this honor was crowded upon him, and the nation responded with holy enthusiasm from one end of the land to the other. In the same honorable way he was elected to the chief magistracy under circumstances which, however the bitterness of party conflict, caused all hearts of all parties not only to acquiesce but to feel proud in the consciousness that we had a chief magistrate of whom they need not be ashamed before the world and unto whom they could safely confide the destinies of this mighty Nation. Now, gentlemen, let me say to you all, those of you occupying great places of trust, who are here to-day, and to the mass of those who are called upon to discharge the responsibilities of citizenship year by year, the most invaluable lesson that we learn from the life of our beloved departed president is that not only is it compatible with success but it is the surest means of success to consecrate heart and life to that which is true and right, and above all question of mere policy, wedding soul to truth

and right and the God of truth and righteousness in holy wedlock never to be dissolved.

Dr. Errett made an affecting allusion to the late President's mother, his home life, ministrations of his devoted wife in his sufferings, and fatherless children whom he committed to the care of God. Concluding, the speaker said :

I have discharged now the solemn covenant and trust reposed in me many years ago in harmony with a friendship which has never known a cloud, a confidence that has never trembled, and a love that has never changed. Farewell, my friend and brother. Thou hast fought the good fight; thou hast finished thy course; thou hast kept thy faith. Henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness, which a righteous judge will give thee in that day, and not unto thee only but unto them also who loved his appearing.

Rev. Jabez Hall read Garfield's favorite hymn, which was beautifully sung by the Vocal Society. It is as follows :

“ Ho, reapers of life's harvest
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And the day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?
Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain.

The night is fast approaching
And soon will come again
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom
And crush each error low,
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human heart should know,
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward."

Prayer by Dr. Charles S. Pomeroy :

Eternal and ever blessed God, Thou alone art great. Clouds and darkness are round about. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne. The eyes of all the world are upon us to-day, as solemnly we prepare to lay away the remains of our beloved chieftain in the tomb. The hearts of fifty million people are throbbing with our hearts as we pass through these solemn obsequies, and O God, more impressive to us than all is the fact, that, though we are poor and needy the Great God thinketh upon us. We thank Thee, gracious Father, that we sorrow not to-day as those who are without hope. For we know that since Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. We thank Thee, Father, for the very existence of such a man as him we mourn to-day. We thank Thee that Thou didst give him to our love, and we do bless Thee, above all, that thou hast now bestowed upon him the greatest promotion of his ad-

vancing life, even to a seat at Thy right hand in the glory of Thy heavenly throne. Abide with us, gracious God. Let Thy gracious blessing rest upon those whose sorrow must be so much more intimate and intense than ours: upon this mother and this widow and these fatherless children, whom we commit in all confidence to Thy divine and gracious care. O God! O God! be our shield. We thank Thee for what Thou hast done for the people through these hours of darkness that have come out in light through Thy blessing, in the hope we entertain for him and ourselves. We bless Thee that Thou hast crushed our skepticism under the power of this sorrow, that Thou hast led the people to press toward the throne of heavenly grace in supplication, and that Thou art ready still further to bless us, and a nation whose God is the Lord. Now, go with us, our Father. Abide with us ever as a people and at last take us all, as this great flood of humanity pours over the brink of death into the gulf of eternity: grant that we may, like him for whom we grieve to-day, be received into the everlasting habitation to be forever with Thee, Lord, and all praise shall be Thine, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

And now the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father and the communion of the Holy Spirit be and abide with you all. Amen.

Music by the Marine Band. "Nearer my God to Thee."

The Services at the Grave.

At the Grave :

Dr. J. P. Robinson, as president of the day, opened the exercises by introducing Rev. J. H. Jones, Chaplain of the Forty-second Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which General Garfield commanded. Mr. Jones said :

“ Our illustrious friend has completed his journey, a journey we must all soon make, and that in the near future. Yet when I see the grand surroundings of this occasion I am led to inquire was this man the son of an emperor or of a king, for in the history of this great country there has been nothing like this seen by the people, and perhaps in no other country. He was not. Only a few miles from where we stand, less than fifty years ago, he was born in the primeval forests of this State, and all he asks of you now is a peaceful grave in the bosom of the land that gave him birth. I cannot speak to you of his wonderful life and works. Time forbids, and history will take care of that, and your children’s children will read of this with emotion when we have passed away from this earth. But let me say that when I was permitted with these honorable men to go to Pittsburg as one of a committee to receive his mortal remains, I saw from that city to Cleveland hundreds and thousands of people, many of them in tears. Then I asked myself the meaning of this, for I saw the workingmen come out of the rolling mills with dust and smoke all over their faces, their heads uncovered and tears rolling down their brawny cheeks, and with bated breath I asked, what is the meaning of all this ? He was a workingman himself, for he had been a worker from his birth almost. He

had fought his way through life at every step, and the working-man he took by the hand. There were sympathy and brotherhood between them. In the small cottages as well as in the splendid mansions there are drapings on the shutters, and it may have been the only veil a poor woman had, and with tears in her eyes she saw us pass. I asked why: what interest has this poor woman in this man? She had read that he was born in a cabin, and that when he got old enough to work in the beech woods he helped to support his widowed mother. Then I saw the processions and the colleges pouring out: the learned professions and civic societies and the military, all concentrated here. And he has touched them all in his passage through life. But when a man dies his work usually follows him. When we sent General Garfield to the Capitol at Washington he weighed 210 pounds. He had a soul that loved his race, a splendid intellect that almost bent the largest form to bear it. You bring him back to us a mere handful of some eighty pounds, mostly of bones in that casket. Now I ask, why is this? I do not stop to talk about the man that did the deed. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." He sees the terrors of a scaffold before him probably, and the eternal disgrace which falls to the murderer and assassin, and he is going down to the judgment of God amid the frowns of the world. But where is James A. Garfield, whom we lent to you seven months ago? Many of you were there at the time of his inauguration and witnessed the grand pageant which passed in front of the Capitol, and the grandest that was ever had in the nation was held on that occasion. And now comes this unwelcome but splendid exhibition. Where is he? Here is all that is left of him, the grand, bright and brilliant man. Now that soul that loved, that mind that thought and impressed itself upon the world, must come back, for if thoughts live, will that precious

mind die? In reason he speaks and in example lives. We shall get him back. In conversation with one nearest and dearest to him she said when she thought of his relations as a husband, a son and a statesman, having reached the highest pinnacle to which man can be elevated by the free suffrage of our 50,000,000 of people, there was no promotion left for her beloved but for God to call him higher. He has received that promotion. He believed in the immortality not only of the soul but of the body, and that the grave will give up the dead. He must live—and, my friends, that was the hope that sustained him. It was with him in the war and the enemy never saw his back. They never looked upon his back; he was fortunate in every contest in being on the victorious side. But the grandest fight he ever made was in the last eighty days of his existence, fought not because he himself personally expected to live, but the doctors told him to hope. He loved his wife and children and he hoped. "I am not afraid to die, but I will try" said he, "to live." And then he was not conquered except by simple exhaustion. It seems to me that no good man by the name of Abraham can be President of the United States and can be long absent from Abraham's bosom, for both Abrahams or Abrams have been called early to the paradise of God, and their spirits look down upon us to day. Garfield is in the society of Washington and Lincoln and the immortal hosts of patriots that fought for their country. You brethren here of the South, I greet you to-day, and you brethren of the North, East and West, come, let us lay all our bitterness in the coffin of the dear man. Let him carry it with him to the grave in silence. Till the angels disturb the slumbers of the dead, let us love each other more and our country better. May God bless you and the dear family, and as they constitute a great family on earth, I hope they will constitute a great family in

the Kingdom of God, where I hope to meet you all in the end.
Amen.

Latin Ode from Horace, sung by the United German
Singing Society :

Integer vitæ seclerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes,

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit incernem;

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix,

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

[TRANSLATED BY LORD LYTTON.]

He whose life hath no flaw, pure from guile, need not borrow
Or the bow or the darts of the Moor, O my Fuscus!
He relies for defence on no quiver that teems with
Poison-steeped arrows.

Though his path be along sultry African Syrtes,
Or Caucasian ravines where no guest finds a shelter,
Or the banks which Hydaspes, the stream weird with fable,
Licks languid-flowing.

For as lately I strayed beyond pathways accustomed,
And with heart free from care was of Lalage singing,
A wolf in the thick of the deep Sabine forest
Met, and straight fled me.

All unarmed though I was; yet so deadly a monster
Warlike Daunia ne'er bred in her wide acorned forests,
Nor the thirst-raging nurse of the lion—swart Juba's
African sand-realm.

Place me lone in the sterile wastes, where not a leaflet
Ever burst into bloom in the breezes of summer;
Sunless side of the world, which the grim air oppresses,
Mist-clad and ice bound;

Place me lone where the earth is denied to man's dwelling,
All so near to its breast glows the ear of the day-god;
And I still should love Lalage—her the sweet-smiling,
Her the sweet-talking.

Mr. Robinson gave out the late President's favorite Hymn : " Ho, reapers of life's harvest !" which the German Vocal Societies of Cleveland, sang.

President Hinsdale's Benediction :

The exercises closed with the benediction by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, who said :

O God, the sad experience of this day teaches us the truth of what Thou hast told us in Thy Word. The grave is the last of this world and the end of life—earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. But we love the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and the power of the endless life. Therefore, O God, our Father, we look to thee now for thy greatest blessing. We pray that the fellowship and the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may be with all who have been in to-day's great assembly. Amen.

POEMS.

BY THE SEA.

The long night deepen'd and the people slept ;
No sound disturbed the village by the sea,
For which so long had yearned the weary eyes
Of him the nation loved. Far out from shore
The sky, full stud with brightest stars, looked down
In brilliant splendor ; while the trackless waste,
Bearing upon its bosom snow-white sails,
Dashed high its mighty strength, in sullen roar.
That echoed in the distance ; seemed the wail
Of soul which, long in bondage, sought to burst
From cruel prison bars. But on the path
Leading from whitened beach, no star shone down,
And o'er the cottage where the chieftain lay
The dark clouds gathered, drooping murk and low,
As if in sorrow for a dastard's blow :
They sought to typify a people's shame—
Perchance, to shield from mortal gaze all ken
Of Death's dread angel, who, with sickle keen,
In patience waited long.

The gray dawn broke,
And lo ! Columbia's dearest son was not,
For when none watched, the angel Israfil
The dwelling entered, and swift breathed on him,
And lulled him to forgetfulness, and bore
Him out, from depths of life's troubled sea
To shores beyond, where lies the land unknown,
Where nevermore is sorrow, toil or pain.

Where all the sad, strange mysteries of life
Are clear and plain.

Dead ! aye, as men name death.
For pale and cold and still he lay, asleep,
Close to the echo of the surging sea,
O true, brave heart ! O tender, helpful hands !
O tuneful voice ! now mute forevermore !
Christ said : "Thou this, hath no man greater love,"
And he who yieldeth for his friend his life,
Shall find sweet rest.

They bore him to his home,
'Mid woful tears of women, grief of men,
And there they left him, and the night came down
And drew a gentle shadow over all. E. G.
Troy Times.

GARFIELD.

A stricken nation mourns to-day
Its grandly-fallen chief :
The old, the young, the grave and gay
Are bowed alike in grief :
A solemn hush is in the air,
And on the sober earth,
As if all things were joined in prayer—
And lost were joy and mirth.

The strange decorum of the street—
The sound of hoof and wheel—

Where earnest men in business meet
To chaffer of their deal,
Have all the same sad tale to tell
Of sorrow's overflow—
Of how the martyred hero fell—
Of how we feel the blow.

Oh, now, we know how weak we are;
God help us in this hour!
As tender blade and flaming star
Reveal Thy love and power;
Give us to see, in that pure light
Thou sheddest from above,
How this dread lesson of Thy might
A lesson is of love.

And not in vain will death have cast
Its shadow o'er the land;
If future years redeem the past
And we united stand;
In firm alliance each with each
To keep the sacred trust
Our fathers left, by deed and speech,
Above their hallowed dust.

'Tis well ye gather round his bier
With mourning speech and song—
Not soon again ye'll find his peer
In any earthly throng;
And grander faith no man hath shown—
If we but prove it just—
Than this he spake with dying groan;
“*The people are my trust.*”

Write out these words on plates of gold,
And stamp them on each heart :
No briefer speech hath ever told
The sum of freedom's chart.
The craft of kings may prop their fall
When sceptered crowns grow dim,
But freedom shall outlive them all
If we are true to him.

Oh, could we read the lengthening scroll
Of earth's immortal men,
In that high court of last control
Where angel scribes make up the roll
With God's unerring pen.
We there should see, in one bright place,
The true Shekinah flame.
And in its midst the blazoned trace
Of GARFIELD's brighter name.

E. C. POMEROY.

GARFIELD.

Forelooking, reasoning soul,
Holding self in wise control,
Led by Destiny into a mighty fight,
Wisely guided up the precipitous height.

Broad-minded—no common man,
Record closely—justly scan,
The average life cannot compare
With what the critic finds written there.

Gifted—this genius, grand and rare,
Beyond the reach of public care,
Beyond the lust of power and gain,
Beyond the touch of sin and pain.

Beyond the reach of party strife,
Sad'ning all political life ;
Beyond the reach of every man
Who seeks the fires of hate to fan.

No partisan cry the solemn silence breaks,
While a sorrowing people lovingly takes,
The priceless dust to its tortured heart,
And tenderly performs its woeful part.

Around his bier a nation stands
And reaches forth its kindly hands
To those who have in the life that is done,
Lost a husband, a father and a son.

What tho' from the trunk a branch is torn,
Of power and beauty 'tis not shorn,
Ring out this anthem—boldly ring—
“The Nation lives and God is King.”

EDWIN STODDARD.

GARFIELD.

Along the wires, oh valiant Chief,
From princely rulers o'er the sea,
Through weary days of pain, have come
Kind messages to thee.

While at thy gate the Nation stood
In tearful silence as a prayer,
From its great heart went up to God,
That He thy life would spare.

But in the solemn midnight hour,
Past gate and guard, unseen, unfelt,
A messenger angelic came
And at thy bedside knelt—

The kindest friend that yet had brought
A tender word or gift to thee,
For on thy brow he placed a crown
Of immortality.

The waves that lulled thy soul to rest,
As soft they beat upon the shore,
For thee, oh martyred Chief, will sing,
A requiem evermore.

Utica Sunday Tribune.

GARFIELD LIVES AGAIN.

Adown the western steeps of time,
The Chieftain's sun of life has set:
Yet, on the sky, in hues sublime—
Where earthly hopes and heaven have met—
In characters of living flame
Is written—"Garfield lives again!"

Yes, lives where those of noble fame
Enjoy release from death and pain,
In mansions new—forevermore;
Where veterans of the Army Grand—
Encamped upon the other shore,
In number, as the grains of sand
Which crowd the hour-glass of years—
Proclaim his royal welcome home.
Now let the nation dry its tears—
His record rests within God's Tome.
JOHN C. BALL. *Troy Times.*

THE END.

A wasp flew out upon our fairest son
And stung him to the quick with poisoned shaft,
The while he chatted carelessly and laughed,
And knew not of the fateful mischief done.
And so this life, amid our love begun,
Envenomed by the insect's hellish craft,
Was drunk by Death in one long feverish draught,
And he was lost—our precious, priceless one!
Oh, mystery of blind, remorseless fate!
Oh, cruel end of a most causeless hate!
That life so mean should murder life so great!
What is there left to us who think and feel,
Who have no remedy, and no appeal,
But damn the wasp and crush him under heel?
J. G. HOLLAND.

LYING IN STATE.

Thy will be done! We cannot lift the veil
That shrouds Thy wisdom, Lord, from mortal eyes.
Thou art unfathomable, and thy ways
Past finding out.

 In grief we humbly bow
As tear-dimmed eyes behold our stricken Chief
Laid low by death. In vain we try to grasp
The lesson Thou wouldst teach a sorrowing world:
The arm that oft has stayed the approaching tide
Of party feud and strife no longer holds
The helm: the mind, replete with golden thought,
Forever striving after clearer truth
And light, is now at rest: the tender heart,
Aglow with love, and aspirations grand,
Is cold and still. Around their leader's bier
A mourning nation weeps: whilst faith and doubt
And love and fear presume, with contrast strange,
To solve the mystery of Thy providence.
But Thou knowest best, and once, when face to face
We see no longer darkly through the glass,
We, too, shall know. Death's call brooks no delay,
It comes to all. And as the parents' hearts
Are joined more firmly o'er a loved one's grave,
So, o'er our Chief to-day, now cold in death,
A Nation's union is more strongly knit.
From East and West, from North and South, the hearts
Of millions beat as one with poignant grief,
And faction's angry voice is hushed once more.

* * * * *

We leave in faith and hope our doubts, our fears,
Our country's future destiny, our all
With Thee, our Father, and our country's God.

F. W. REEDER.

THE SAD MINUTE GUN.

Ah, why do we hear that sad detonation
That strikes on the ear with a sorrowful sound,
And makes the heart beat with quick palpitacion,
As the echoes are borne o'er the waters around :
It makes the hot tears down our pallid cheeks run,
While clouds of deep anguish gloom over the day,
And the sound that we hear is the sad minute gun,
While our loved one is borne in sorrow away.

Like chill winter winds which sweep o'er the ocean,
And wreck the brave bark in tempestuous gale,
It swells every heart with inward commotion
As it sounds through the land a sorrowful wail.
But it tells of a race most gloriously run,
As his soul is borne up to perpetual day,
And this is announced by that sad minute gun,
As to the dark tomb they bear Garfield away.

Sad is the hour in death's contemplation,
As draped in deep mourning each mansion is still,
Chill'd is the soul at that sad detonation
Resounding aloud o'er valley and hill ;

'Tis the wail of the nation for its brave stricken son,
In the grave to be lain from the light of the day ;
And a pang to the heart is that sad minute gun,
As to the dark tomb they bear Garfield away.

JOHN BANVARD.

IPSA VIRTUTE MAJOR.

Not when, on Chickamunga's stricken field,
The reeling ranks about thee fell or fled,
But thy brave spirit, still unvanquished,
Dared face the foe alone, untaught to yield
And made thy single arm thy country's shield ; *
Not when the nation named thee for its head,
And up earth's stateliest heights thy footsteps led,
And lo ! a king of men thou stood'st revealed,
Wast thou so great as on thy bed of pain,
Garfield ! so much thy country's love and pride
But greatest art thou now when on thy bier.
We drop the bitter yet triumphant tear.
Now thou hast proved indeed that God doth reign,
In His own King dom, throned by Lincoln's side.
D. A. CASSERLY.

FLOWERS ON A GRAVE.

What sweeter thing to hear, through tears, than this,
Of one who dies, that looking on him dead,

* "His arrival at Thomas' headquarters was like the reinforcement of a corps."—[Life of James A. Garfield, A. S. Barnes & Co., 1881.]

All men with tender reverence gazed and said
“What courtesy and gentleness, were his !
Our ruder lives, for years to come, will miss
His sweet serenity which daily shed
A grace we scarcely felt, so deep inbred
Of nature was it ! Loyalty which is
So loyal as his loyalty to friends
Is rare ; such purity rarer still.”
Yes, there is yet one sweeter thing ! It ends
The broken speech with sobs that choke and fill our throats.
“Alas ! lost friend, we knew not how
Thou hadst won us to love thee until now.”

Some lives are bright like torches, and their flame
Casts flickering lights around, and changeful heats ;
Some lights blaze like the meteor which fleets
Across the sky ; and some of lofty aim
Stand out like beacon lights. But never came,
Or can, a light so satisfying sweet,
As steady day light, unperturbed, complete,
And noiseless.

Human lives we see, the same
As this ; their equilibrium so just,
Their movements so serene, so still, small heed
The world pays to their presence till in need
It sudden finds itself. The darkness near,
The precious life returning dust to dust,
It recollects how noon and life were clear.

How poor is all that Fame that can be or bring !
Although a generation feed the pyre.

How soon dies out the lifeless, loveless fire!
 "The king is dead!" "Hurrah! Long live the king!"
 "The poet breathes his last!" "Who next will sing?"
 "The great man falls!" "Who comes to mount still higher?"
 O bitter emptiness of such desire,
 Earth holds but one true good, but one true thing,
 And this is it—to walk in honest ways
 And patient, and with all one's heart belong
 In love unto one's own. No death so strong
 That life like this he ever conquers, slays;
 The centuries do it no hurt, no wrong;
 They are eternal Resurrection Days!

II. II. *Independent.*

COLUMBIA SORROWING.

SEPTEMBER, 6.

He was borne from the gates of pain
 By those who loved him well;
 And over the throng strange silence fell,
 For near him were angels twane;
 Lone leading onward her cloud-robed band
 With her sister Sorrow hand-in-hand.

On sped the flying car,
 It had borrowed the lightning's wing.
 Ah, but human hearts were quivering,
 Under each iron bar!
 Had it needed *lives* that breath to span
 I trow there had lacked not a single man!

When Love to Sorrow spoke
As they flew with the flying train,
"Behold, O Sorrow, the people's pain
O bid them to joy awake!"
But weeping and bending that couch above
She answered, "*My name is also Love.*"

SEPTEMBER, 19.

O land bereaved! might not some harp awake
One voice to float around thy heart's despair
And win one moment from its stress of pain?
Nay, silent all! Though lightest winds oft snap
The trembling strings, in fiercest gale they sleep
Or yield at best a wild and fitful strain.

The distant storm which all the forest bends,
The bolt that rends the far-off stately pine,
With awed hushed breath we view, and prayer ascends,
And thoughts word-wrought leave on the page their sign.

But when so close that human eyes are blind,
Hands stricken helpless by contending fears;
No voice, no speech, no prayer, the soul can find;
E'en sympathy can bring no gift but tears.

J. OLIVER SMITH.

GARFIELD.

Lay him to sleep, whom we have learned to love;
Lay him to sleep, whom we have learned to trust.
No blossom of hope shall spring from out his dust.
No flower of faith shall bloom his sod above.

Although the sod by sorrowful hands be drest,
Although the dust with tenderest tears be drenched,
A feebler light succeeds the new life quenched,
And weaker hands the strong hands crossed in rest.

Our new, our untried leader—when he rose,
Though still old hatreds fed upon old griefs,
Death or disgrace had stilled the cry of chiefs
Of old who rallied us against our foes.

A soldier of the camp, we knew him thus:
No saintly champion, high above his kind,
To follow with devotion mad and blind—
He fought and fared, essayed and erred, with us.

And so, half-hearted, went we where he led:
And, following whither beckoned his bright blade,
Learned his high will and purpose undismayed:
And brought him all our faith—and found him dead.

Is of the sacred pall, that once of yore
Draped Lincoln dead, one mouldering fragment left?
Spread it above him—Knight whose helm was cleft
Fair in the fight, as his who fell before.

As his who fell before, his seat we dress
With pitiful shreds of black, that flow and fail
Upon the bosom of the breeze, whose wail
Prays us respect that hallowed emptiness.

Ay! who less worthy now may take that chair,
If our first martyr's spirit on one hand
And this new ghost upon the other stand,
Saying: Betray thy country if thou dare!

Puck.

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

Who has the fitting word,
When every breast is stirred
 With sorrow far too deep for words to tell ?
Yet, as amid Death's gloom,
Friends whisper in the room
 We speak of him who lived and died so well.

Night reigned beside the sea,
When morning came to thee,
 Long-waiting heart, so patient and so brave !
Light fell upon thy door,
Pain ceased forevermore,
 Back to its Maker fled the life He gave.

Like messengers in quest,
They started east and west
 Two tidal waves of sorrow 'round the world.
Millions of eyes were wet
Before the tidings met
 Where in the Eastern seas our flags are furled.

Quickly through throbbing wire,
Those waves of sorrow dire,
 Awoke across the land the mournful bells ;
Men roused and could not sleep,
For, pulsing strong and deep,
 All hearts that knew were ringing funeral knells.

Wives gazed in husband's eyes,
And tears would slowly rise
 For her who fought with death so long alone ;

And children with no task
Were left themselves to ask,
 Why death this Father took, and not their own.

On all the shadow falls,
It hushes college halls,
 It consecrates the cabins of the west ;
The freedmen loved him well ;
Soldiers his praises tell,
 The rudest boatman is too sad to jest.

Still, over hills and dells,
The beautiful, sad bells
 Repeat the Nation's sorrow for her son ;
But he doth hear the chime
Of a more peaceful clime
 Than Mentor's fields or quiet Elberon.

Like him, the Crucified,
He, who so calmly died,
 Has made the world the better for his pain :
Surely we now may know
Our Leader was laid low
 To lift the Nation to a higher plain.

We say as once he said—
Our Hero-ruler dead—
 “The Lord still reigns, the Country is secure :”
There's none can fill his place :
Rule Thou, O God of grace !

And guide us on to days more bright and pure.

C. H. C.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH—A PRAYER.

Jehovah, God of grace,
Before thy pitying face
Lowly we bend,
While we with stricken cry
Adore thy majesty,
O, hear the wail and sigh
Of this sad land.

Thou who in Jesus' day
Did'st drive disease away
And answer prayer,
Beheld our ruler's state,
Faint and emaciate,
Nor closed death's cruel gate
His like to spare.

To those whom he loved best,
To her who on his breast,
Silent and chill,
Drop tears of keen distress,
Widowed and fatherless,
Show in grief's loneliness
Thy mercy still.

Our Nation's sins towards thee,
Bowed in humility,
Sadly we mourn ;
Forgive them now, we pray,
"Take all our guilt away,

O may we from this day"
To thee return.

Lord, Thou art wise and just,
Though slain, we still will trust,
And offerings bring :
In Jesus' name we plead :
Teach us Thy will to heed,
And endless praise be paid
To Christ our king.

Hartford Courant.

GARFIELD'S LIFE.

Garfield is dead — a Nation weeps,
To know his kindly ways no more.
His work is done : he sweetly sleeps
Beside the loud resounding shore.

He laid him down in pride of life,
Patient through weary months of pain.
Hushed was the noise of party strife,
No sound but pity's sobbing strain.

He lays aside each lofty thought,
Statescraft has faded out of view.
His weary mind will think of naught
Save faithful wife and mother true.

"Oh! for a breath of boyhood's air,
Oh! for a glimpse of Mentor's plain.

Oh ! for a view of Erie fair
Such sights would make me well again."

It cannot be ! he longs in vain.
He dies beside the swelling sea,
Ohio calls him home again,
There to remain—and silent be.

Garfield still lives ; now, dry your eyes !
Ye mourning millions ! Hope and trust,
His soul must from his ashes rise,
It cannot consort with the dust.

He lives to form our lives anew,
To further the Almighty's plan,
To bring into a nobler view
The love and brotherhood of man.

He lives to teach our nobler youth,
To fit them for the cares of state,
To give them a deep love for truth,
And whate'er makes a statesman great.

To glorify the home, he lives
To make us love our early days,
To garner pleasures virtue gives,
While single-minded in our ways.

Yes ! let the nation dry its eyes !
To-day 'tis dark ; 'tis but a cloud,
Our God will make the people rise
Forth from their woe, and shout aloud.

THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

Fallen with autumn's fallen leaf
Ere yet his summer's noon was past,
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief,—
What words can match a woe so vast.

And whose the chartered claim to speak
The sacred grief where all have part,
When sorrow saddens every cheek
And broods in every aching heart?

Yet nature prompts the burning phrase
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir :
The singers of the new-born time
And trembling age with outworn lyre.

No room for pride no place for blame :
We fling our blossoms on the grave
Pale, scentless, faded—all we claim,
This only : what we had we gave.

Ah, could the grief of all who mourn
Blend in one voice its bitter cry
The wail to heaven's high arches borne
Would echo thro' the caverned sky.

II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice
Fills with a breath its empty throne!
God, speaking thro' thy people's voice
Has made that voice for once his own.

No angry passion shakes the state
Whose weary servant seeks for rest,—
And who could fear that scowling hate
Would strike at that unguarded breast?

He stands ; unconscious of his doom,
In manly strength, erect, serene—
Around him summer spreads her bloom,—
He falls,—what horror clothes the scene !

How swift the sudden flash of woe
Where all was bright as childhood's dream !
As if from heaven's ethereal bow
Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam.

Blot the foul deed from history's page—
Let not the all-betraying sun
Blush for the day that stains an age
When murder's blackest wreath was won.

III.

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,
The weary battle ground of pain :
Love tends his pillow, science tries
Her every art, alas ! in vain.

The strife endures how long ! how long !
Life, death, seem balanced in the scale,
While round his bed a viewless throng
Awaits each morrow's changing tale.

In realms the desert ocean parts
What myriads watch with tear-filled eyes,
His pulse-beats echoing in their hearts.
His breathings counted with their sighs !

Slowly the stores of life are spent,
Yet hope still battles with despair,—
Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent ?
Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer !

But silent is the brazen sky,—
On sweeps the meteor's threatening train,—
Unswerving Nature's mute reply,
Bound in her adamantine chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save ;
The hero's life tho' Heaven denied
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent
How human hearts their griefs may share,—
The lesson woman's love has lent
What hope may do, what faith can bear !

Farewell ! the leaf-strown earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,
And autumn's golden sun beholds
A Nation bowed, a world in tears.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."

These words the Poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who bravely dying here,
In the true faith was living in that sphere,
Where the Celestial Cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies ;
And, set thereon like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that new not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.
Ah me ! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release !
This is our consolation ; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense—
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace !"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.

BORN NOV. 19, 1831 ; DIED SEPT. 19, 1881.

I do not come to weep above thy pall,
And mourn the dying out of noble powers ;
The poet's clearer eye should see, in all
Earth's seeming woe, the seed of Heaven's flowers.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth ;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,

And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
 When he who called it forth is but a name.

Therefore I can not think thee wholly gone;
 The better part of thee is with us still:
 Thy soul its hampering clay aside has thrown.
 And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

* * * * * *

Such was he our Martyr Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn.
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And can not make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan.
 Repeating us by rote.

For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead:
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,

And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
They knew that outward grace is dust ;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars ;
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind ;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

Silence were best, if hand in hand,
Like friends, sea-sundered peoples met :
But words must wing from land to land
The utterance of the heart's regret,
Tho' harsh on ears their sorrow thralls
E'en sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit,
What knows not bounds of time or space,
The homestead feeling that must knit
World-scattered kin in speech and race.
None like ourselves may well bemoan
Columbia's sorrow ; 'tis our own.

A sorrow of the nobler sort,
Which love and pride make pure and fair;
A grief that is not misery's sport,
A pain that bows not to despair;
Beginning not in courtly woe,
To end in pageantry and show.

The great Republic's foremost son,
Struck foully, falls: but they who mourn
Brave life cut short, good work half done,
Yet trust that from beyond death's bourne
That blameless memory's gifts may be
Peace, concord, civic purity.

Scarcely known of us till struck for death,
He stirred us by his valiant fight
With mortal pain. With bated breath
We waited tidings morn and night.
The hope that's nursed by strong desire,
Tho' shaken often, will not tire.

And now our sables type, in truth,
A more than ceremonial pain.
We send, Court, Cottage, Age and Youth,
From open hearts across the main,
Our sympathy—it never swerved—
To Wife he loved, to Land he served!

London Punch.

Miscellaneous.

Speech of General Garfield to his College Classmates on the Eve of his Inauguration,

March 3d, 1881.

CLASSMATES : To me there is something exceedingly pathetic in this reünion. In every eye before me I see the light of friendship and love, and I am sure it is reflected back to each one of you from my inmost heart. For twenty-two years, with the exception of the last few days, I have been in the public service. To night I am a private citizen. To-morrow I shall be called to assume new responsibilities, and on the day after the broadside of the world's wrath will strike. It will strike hard. I know it, and you will know it. Whatever may happen to me in the future, I shall feel that I can always fall back upon the shoulders and hearts of the class of '56 for their approval of that which is right, and for their charitable judgment wherein I may come short in the discharge of my public duties. You may write down in your books now the largest percentage of blunders which you think I will be likely to make, and you will be sure to find in the end that I have made more than you have calculated—many more.

This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the Presidential fever—not even for a day ; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate. But it is not to be, and I will go forward to meet the responsibilities and discharge the duties that are before me with all the firmness and ability I can command. I hope you will be able conscientiously to approve my conduct, and when I return to private life I wish you to give me another class meeting.

His Gratitude to Friends on recovering from a dangerous Illness :

We give below a letter written by the late President Garfield, and which now appears in print for the first time. It was addressed to Mr. C. E. Fuller, now of Des Moines, who had been a room-mate of the lamented President while at college, and who was ever after a life-long friend. At the time this letter was written the future President had just recovered from a dangerous illness, and his expression of gratitude for the love and sympathy of friends seems strangely prophetic now. It would seem almost that the same letter might have been written by the same hand only a month ago :

WILLIAMS COLLEGE. }
Aug. 10, 1854. }

MY DEAR SIR: I have been down near to the gates of the "Silent City" since last I wrote to you. Perhaps it were better had I entered—God knoweth. But the crisis is passed and I am slowly returning now. Your kind, good letter was received to-day, and I will respond immediately. I think I told you in my other that I had taken cold nearly every night since I came, and had had a severe headache for about ten days. I, however, kept on studying until Friday, the 4th, when the hot water streamed from my eyes so that I could not see, and I was obliged to stop and send for a physician. He feared I would have inflammation of the brain or brain fever, gave me medicine and forbid my reading at all. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday I endured the most agonizing pain, but on Sunday afternoon it began to subside, but I found it had wrought ruin with

my strength, for when I tried to walk I was weak as a child. I have walked but little since, and am still weak, though gaining strength. I shall doubtless be quite recovered before long, though I cannot study any more this session. * * * Oh, how much I have felt the absence of dear friends during these long dreary hours of pain! I must subjoin some lines that have been ringing through the chambers of my soul, and though I do not know the name of the author, yet they possess the elements of immortality. I know you will love them and feel them :

“Commend me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure’s gay levee,
And comes to gild a sombre hour
And give his heart to me.
He hears me count my sorrows o’er,
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But like the violet seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which like the pine on high
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky:
Whose friendship does not fade away
When Wintry tempests blow,
But like the Winter’s icy crown
Looks greener through the snow.
He flies not with the flitting stork,
That seeks a Southern sky,

*But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die,
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth
What'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea."*

Thank God, I enjoy such friends as that, though they are not with me. But I must stop. * * * I need not say I am, as ever, your brother,

JAMES.

Des Moines Register.

General Garfield's Remarks on the First Anniversary of the Death of Abraham Lincoln :

MR. SPEAKER: I desire to move that this house do now adjourn. And before the vote upon that motion is taken I desire to say a few words. This day, Mr. Speaker, will be sadly memorable so long as this nation shall endure, which God grant may be "till the last syllable of recorded time," when the volume of human history is sealed up and delivered to the Omnipotent Judge. In all future time on the recurrence of this day, I doubt not that the citizens of this republic will meet in solemn assembly to reflect on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, and the awful, tragic event of April 14, 1865—an event unparelled in the history of nations, certainly unparelled in our own. It is eminently proper that this house should this day place upon its records a memorial of that event.

The last five years have been marked by wonderful developments of individual character. Thousands of our people, before unknown to fame, have taken their places in history, crowned

with immortal honors. In thousands of humble homes are dwelling heroes and patriots, whose names shall never die. But greatest among all these great developments were the character and fame of Abraham Lincoln, whose loss the Nation still deplores. His character is aptly described in the words of England's great laureate, written thirty years ago, in which he traces the upward steps of some—

“Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

“Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

“Who makes, by force, his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

“And moving up, from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a People's hope,
The center of a World's desire.”

Such a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind.

In the great drama of the rebellion there were two acts. The first was the war, with its battles and its sieges, victories and defeats, its sufferings and tears. That act was closing one year ago to-night, and just as the curtain was lifting on the second scene and final act—the restoration of peace and liberty—just as the curtain was rising on new characters and new events, the evil spirit of the rebellion, in the fury of despair, nerved and directed the hand of an assassin to strike the chief character

of both. It was no one man who killed Abraham Lincoln: it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the Nation's supremest joy.

Sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this Nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil into the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr president to the company of these dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by children of men.

Awe-stricken by His voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence, and made a solemn covenant with Him and with each other that this Nation should be saved from its enemies: that all its glories should be restored, and on the ruins of slavery and treason the temples of freedom and justice should be built and should survive forever. It remains for us, consecrated by that great event and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that—

"He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,
For God is marching on!"

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